

The HISTORY of  
**TOM THUMB,** //

Wherein is declared  
His Marvellous Acts of **MANHOOD,**  
Full of  
**WONDER** and **MERRIMENT.**  
Performed  
After his second return from Fairy Land.

**PART** the **THIRD**



THE HISTORY OF  
TOM THUMB  
THE  
THIRD PART  
OF THE  
LIFE OF TOM THUMB

In what strange Manner Tom Thumb came  
back a third Time and unfortunately fell  
into a Close-Stool.

**I**N woeful manner Tom thus left  
The King and all his court,  
Of all their mirth they were bereft,  
He yielded them such sport.

Unto his memory was paid,  
For all his actions past,  
Another monument was made,  
That should for ever last.

Now in the Elefian Fields he reigns,  
King of the Fairy Land,  
Where the love of all obtains,  
Ready at his command.

He to the Fairy Queen relates  
His mighty act below,

His wonderful adventures great,  
 As Edgar's court did shew.  
 In joyful sort he reign'd above,  
 As he had done before,  
 The Fairy Queen to shew her love,  
 He again her scepter bore.  
 Until such time it pleas'd that  
 She'd him once again;  
 And as all histories do agree,  
 It was in Thunston's reign.  
 She cloathed him all o'er in green,  
 And without more delay,  
 But with great majestic mien,  
 She hurried him away.



Where he descended thro' the air,  
 This poor unhappy man,  
 By sad mishap, as you shall hear,  
 Fell in a close-stool pan.

So all besmear'd in piteous wife,  
 Poor Tom was almost drown'd,  
 For in the filth he could not rise,  
 Or scarce be ever found.

He then did cry, Ah! woe is me,  
 My misery don't decay,  
 Which caus'd the men to flee away,  
 'Twas death, they could not stay.

Then all the people thronged fast,  
 Such miracles to see,  
 There was he almost spent at last,  
 For none durst let him free.

But he at last deliver'd was,  
 When thousands did resort,  
 Brought into this piteous woeful case,  
 Unto King Thunston's court.





Tom is brought before the King, with an  
Account of his Actions.



**I**N shameful sort Tom Thumb appear'd  
Before his Majesty,  
But grown so weak, could not be heard,  
Which caus'd his malady.

All that beheld him, stood amaz'd,  
And knew not what to say;  
Some did endeavour him to serve,  
'Fore life did quite decay.

The Doctor then with speed was call'd,  
His vitals to restore;  
For in the excrement so maul'd,  
He did their help implore.

That if his Majesty would grant,  
 He would in humble sort,  
 Declare in humble sort,  
 Of knowledge of the court.

At length the King resolved was,  
 For to grant his request,  
 And from his presence he should pass,  
 For to ease himself and rest.

And that the Doctor should take care  
 For to bring him on demand ;  
 So they Tom Thumb away did bare,  
 For to wait the King's command.

The Doctor thought to let him blood,  
 But some did him oppose ;  
 Others said it was not so good,  
 And thus dispute arose.

Till one grave experienc'd man,  
 Did all they say disannul,  
 For if his vessels they could scan,  
 Ther'es not a thimble full.

At last upon a learn'd debate,  
 It was resolved by all,  
 How they would trust his life to fate,  
 And wait his rise and fall.

But fortune proved yet his friend,  
 As his life shew'd before ;

Altho' she left him in the end,  
His mercies to deplore.

For at the last he rais'd his head,  
In presence of them all,  
And cry'd, My life is not yet fled,  
My spirits I recall.

That I may answer for the wrong,  
Which has been done to me,  
And clear myself ere it be long  
Before his Majesty.

His speech did cause a great surprise,  
They knew not what to say,  
For on a sudden Tom did rise,  
At which they fled away.

But his poor guardian trembling stood,  
Betwixt great hope and fear,  
But Tom cry'd in a merry mood,  
Unto the King we'll steer.

His trial at the last drew near,  
Great preparations made,  
For the King and Nobles stood in fear,  
Yet seem'd not dismay'd :

For by his Majesty's command,  
Poor Tom Thumb must appear  
For to answer such questions, and  
How he himself should clear.

When to his presence he was brought  
 He did amaze the court,  
 He paid obeysance where he thought  
 Fit to yield them sport.



So the King ask'd him whence he came,  
 The way he liv'd, and where,  
 He also then requires his name,  
 Who caus'd this pannick fear?

Tom then relates his actions past,  
 How he had liv'd before;  
 And his reason of his being cast  
 Down to the earth once more.



All that of them he did implore,  
 To search the records past;  
 How sumptuously he was before,  
 None might his memory blast.

For deed redowned I am fam'd,  
 Now in oblivion lost,  
 Sir Thomas Thumb I then was nam'd,  
 Tho' fame my life has cost.

The which the King no sooner heard,  
 But from his throne did rise,  
 And said, Sir Tom Thumb, for thy fame,  
 None can thee equalize.

Thy birth, thy parentage is known,  
 Tradition does make clear;  
 All people do your great renown  
 In joyful memory bear.

So that from thence you need not fear  
 My favour you shall have;  
 To me your memory is dear,  
 Henceforth you need not crave.

For lodging.—Now the King resolv'd  
 A palace should be fram'd,  
 The walls of this most stately place  
 Were lovely to behold.

For workmanship none can take place,  
 It look'd like beaten gold,

The height thereof was but a span,  
And doors but one inch wide.

The inward parts were all Japan,  
Which was in him great state ;

The workmanship so fine appears,  
Nothing was more compleat.

That Tom lives in pleasant sort,  
Who was beloved by all :

He yielded them much mirth and sport,  
All waited on his call.

The King did him admire so,  
The wonder of the age,

His bounty farther to bestow  
Thunston made him his page.

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